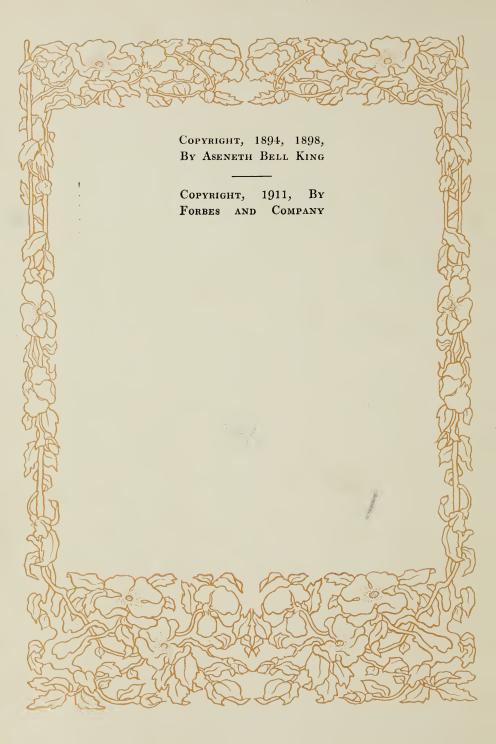




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ESSIE COLLINS MATTHEWS
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LEIGH RICHMOND MINER

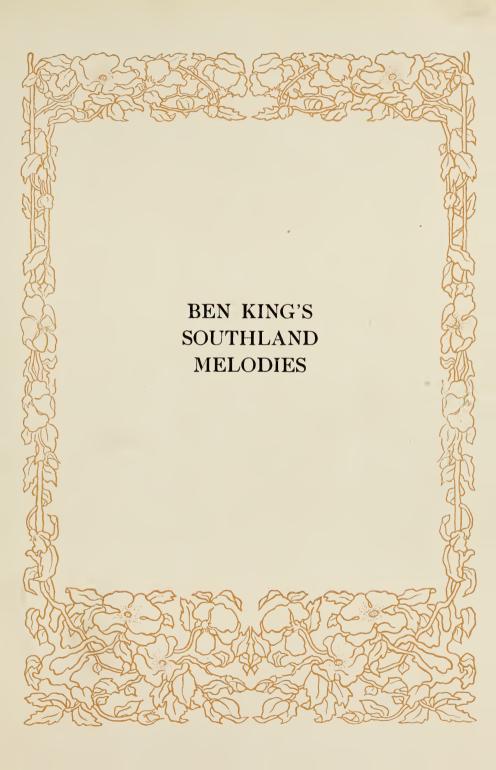


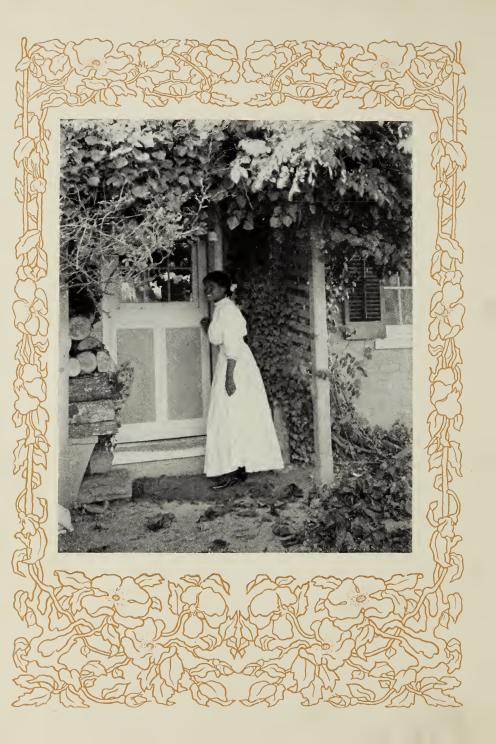
CHICAGO
FORBES AND COMPANY
1911



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## DE CUSHVILLE HOP

I 'S gwine down to de Cushville hop
An' dar ain' no niggahs gwine to make me
stop;

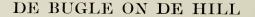
Missus gwine to deck me all up in white, So watch de step dat I 's gettin' in to-night. Um-hm, mah honey, tain' no use; Um-hm, mah honey, turn me loose, Um-hm, mah honey, watch me shine When mah foot am a-shakin' in de ole coonjine.

No black niggahs come foolin' roun' me; I's jes' to look at, anyone can see; I's jes' a orniment, an' I mus' 'fess No niggah put 'is ahm 'roun' mah snow-white dress.

Um-hm, niggah, keep away, undahstand? Um-hm, niggah, look out fo' yo' hand; I 's jes' to gaze at I must 'fess,







I DON' like de noise ob de marchin' ob de boys,

An' I 'low don' s'pose I evah will;

Er de trampin' ob de feet to de drum's wild beat,

Er de sound ob de bugle on de hill.

It 'minds me ob de day when Gabe marched away,

An' ole missus stood beside de cabin do'; Somepin' whispahed in my ear 'bout my little volunteer,

An' said he nevah will come back no mo'.

I 'membah now de day jes' how he marched away,

Wid de bright sun a-climbin' up de sky, Marched out an' down de street to de drum's wild beat,

Den dey fetched 'im home to die.

Oh, de sad an' moanful way, po' ole missus kneeled to pray,



When Gabe said: "It's gittin' mighty still."

But I rise an' jine de boys when I hear de cannon's noise,

Er de blowin' ob de bugle on de hill.

It 'pears es if I seen de ole plantation green, An' sometimes I sho'ly think I hear

De regiment pars by, an' 'low I hear de cry An' de moan ob my little volunteer.

An' I see de moanful way po' ole missus kneel to pray,

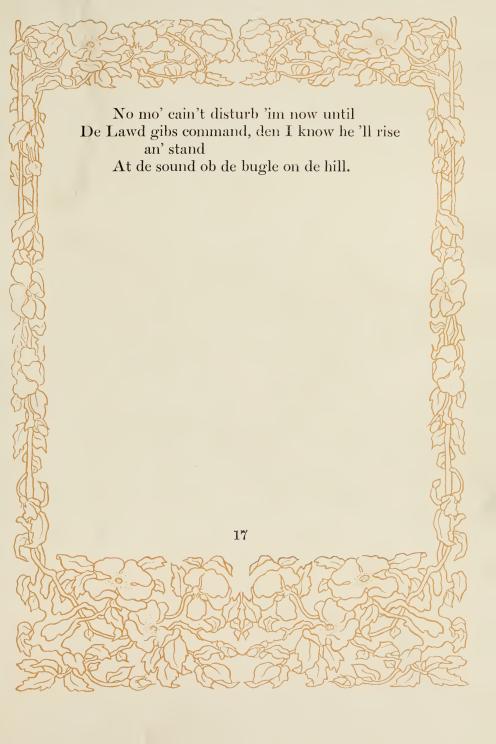
An' sometimes when all aroun' is still,
I kin hear de tread ob feet to de drum's wild
beat

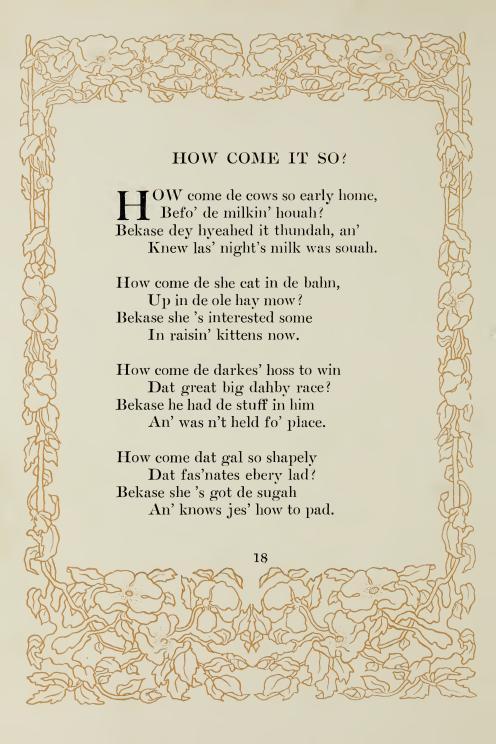
An' de blowin' ob de bugle on de hill.

Dar 's a spot mighty dear to dis ole darky here, Whar de sunlight is peepin' froo de palms, Wid his hands 'pon his breast, dar my soldier 's

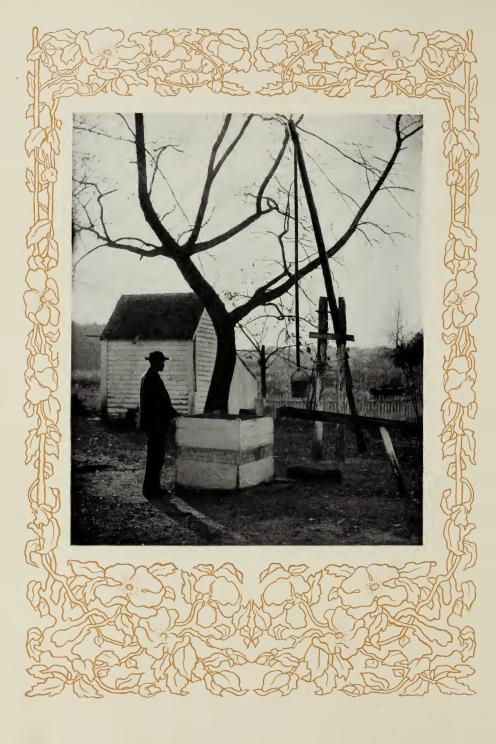
gone to rest,

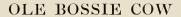
Jes' peacefully a-sleepin' in de calms. An' de drum's wild beat er de tread ob marchin' feet











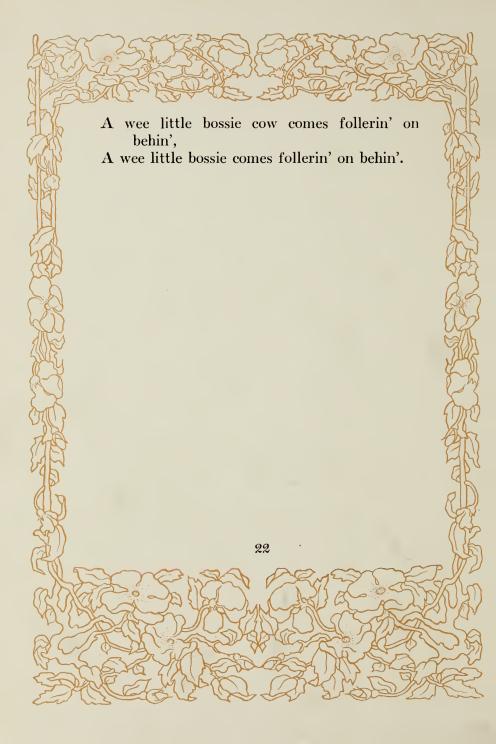
PO' ole bossie cow 's down in de marsh, Down in de marsh whar de col' win's am blowin',

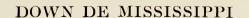
Ebery now an' den when de storm dies away Seems ef I hyeahed ole bossie cow a-lowin'.

So out by de cabin do' I stan' on de sweep, An' listen in de win' an' damp'nin' wedder, An' 't pears dat I hyeah ole bossie cow ag'in, An' I 'low dat she say, "Come down in de medder."

Den down froo de marsh land trampin' along, Down froo de gloom an' de night rains a-fallin', Pickin' my way through the whisperin' reeds, "Co-boss, co-boss, co-boss," a-callin'.

Den all ob a-sudden I come to a stop,An' dar 's ole bossie cow so gentle an' so kin';An' I coax up ole Brindle, an' I lead her by de ho'n;

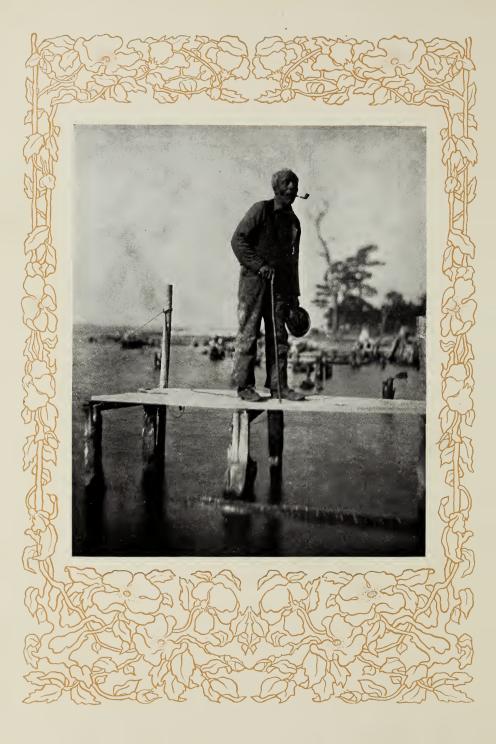


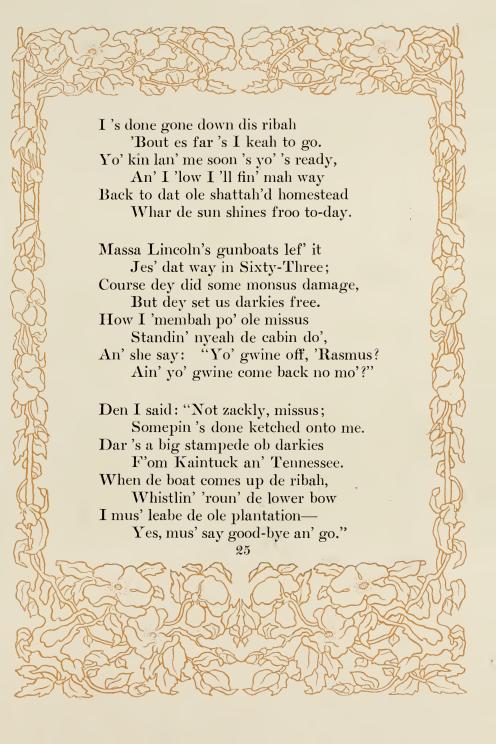


OH, de ole plantation landin',
On de Mississippi sho',
'Pears es ef I seed ole massa
Standin' waitin' dar once mo'—
Back a ways to whar de cabin 's
Almos' hid by lilac trees—
Seems es ef I hyeahed po' missus
Singin' ole-time melodies.

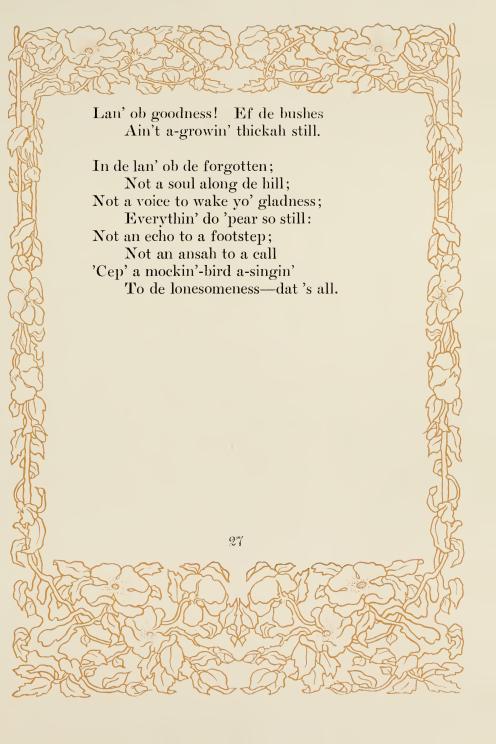
Hollyhocks an' honeysuckles
Grow an' bloom along de way,
Leadin' up dar to de cabin;
But de ole folks, whar are dey?
An' de win'in' path a-leadin'
Roun' de house; sometimes, a spell,
Seems es ef I hyeahed de win'lass
H'istin' watah f'om de well.

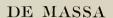
Cap'n, kin yo' stop de boat, sah? Stop de boat, kase well I know







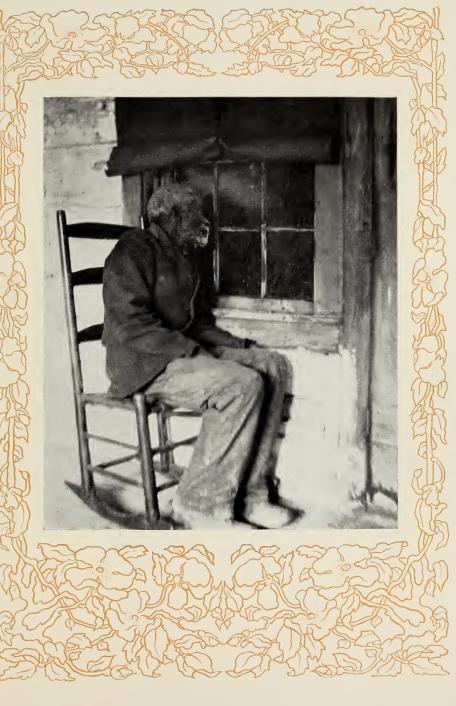


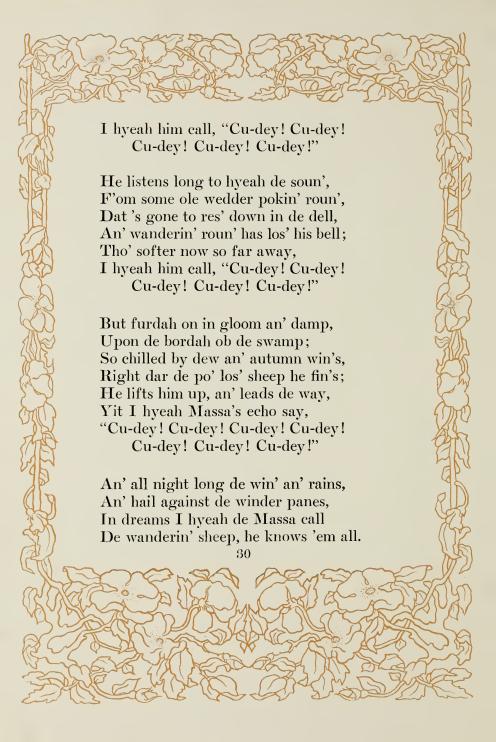


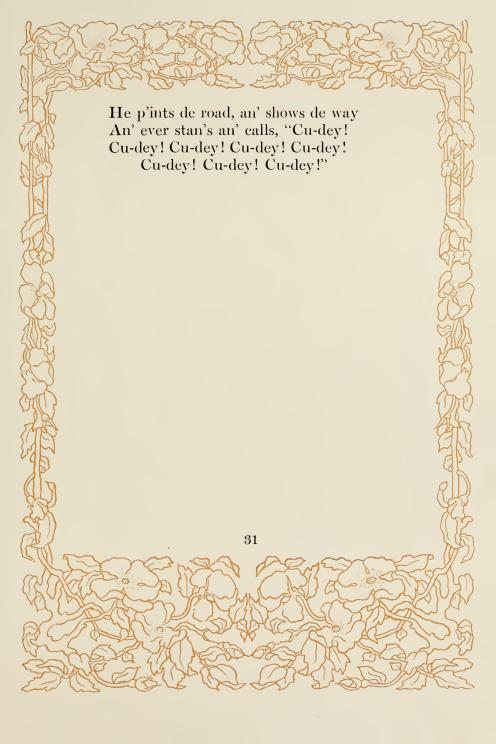
DE Massa to de shepa'd say:
"Go call de sheep dat 's gone astray.
De night is col', I hyeah de win',
A-shakin' 'gin my winder blin';
Dar 's some po' sheep dat 's gone astray.
Go call 'em in, Cu-dey! Cu-dey!
Cu-dey! Cu-dey! Cu-dey!"

De shepa'd said: "De night was col',
But all de sheep was in de fol'.
I called 'em in at set ob sun;
Dey all come runnin' 'cep' de one
Dat 's always wanderin' away,
An' never min's de call, Cu-dey!
Cu-dey! Cu-dey! Cu-dey!"

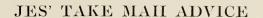
De Massa den went froo de gloom, Ob medder fields. De autumn moon Was dodgin' roun' behin' a cloud, But still he goes a-callin' loud, Fo' dat one sheep dat's gone astray.











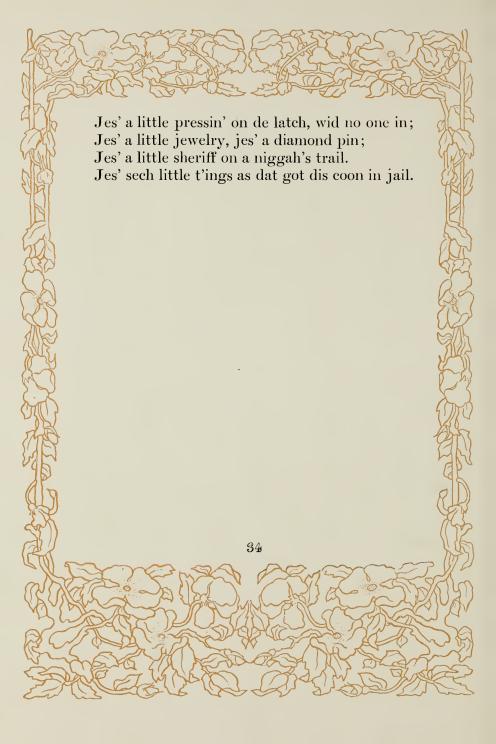
JES' a little sunshine, jes' a little rain, Jes' a little happiness, jes' a little pain. Jes' a little verselet sounds mighty nice 'Bout some oddah business; jes' take mah advice.

Jes' a little chicken-coop standin' neah de fence:

Jes' a little darky, too, widout a bit ob sense; Jes' a little pressin' by de farmah on de triggah, Jes' a little 'splosion, den a perforated niggah.

Jes' a little lazy coon 'roun' a-shootin' craps, Den a-buyin' policies 'roun' de lottery traps; Jes' a little out ob cash, jes' a little stuck; Jes' a little hungry, jes' a niggah's luck.

Jes' a little bettin' on de fav'rite in de race; Jes' a little ways behin', workin' hard fo' place; Jes' a little money won by dat oddah moke. Jes' a little t'ing like dat lef' dis darky broke.





NOBODY knows when de col' winds am blowin',

Whar all de po' little chillun am a-goin'. Nobody knows when de night time 's hoverin' How many little ones am des'tute ob coverin'. Nobody sees, but de Lawd done see 'em,

An' bime-by de Lawd 'll tell humanity to free 'em.

Nobody knows jes' how many am in rags,

A-sleepin' in de hot blocks an' 'roun' on de flags.

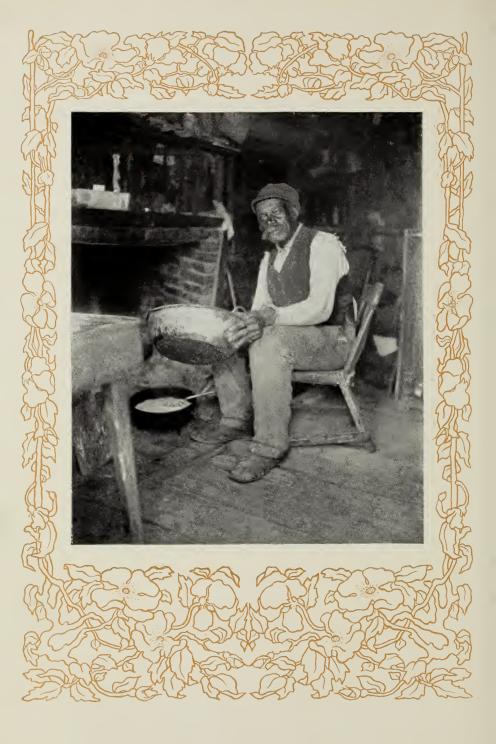
Nobody sees all dis poverty an' woe,

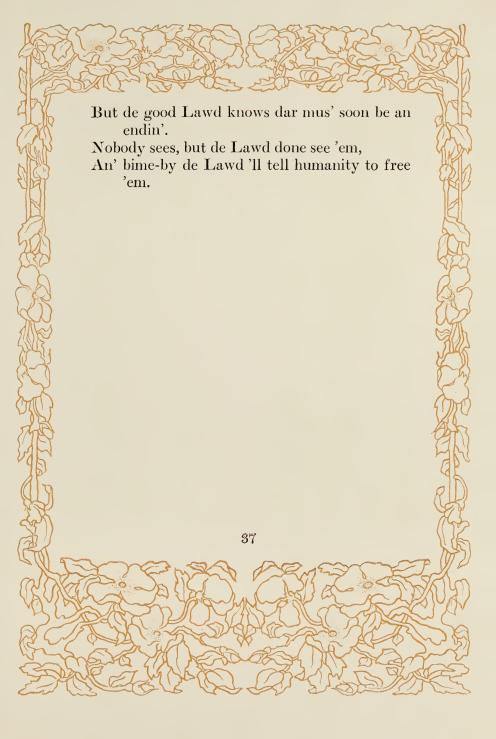
A-livin' on de emptyin's an' not a place to go.

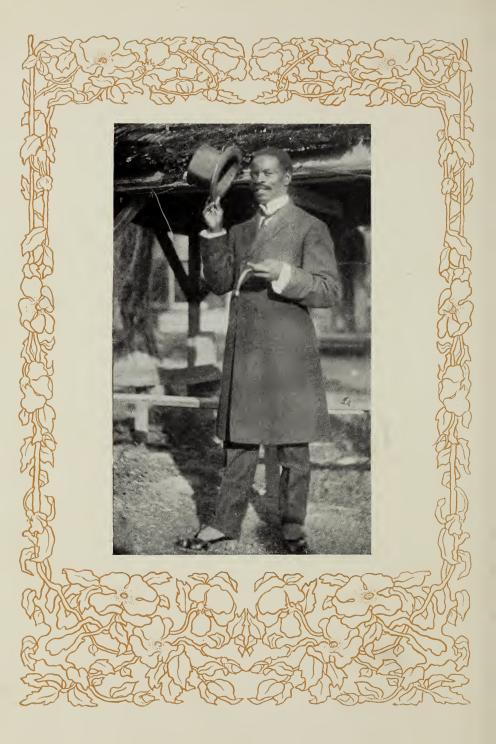
Nobody sees, but de Lawd done see 'em,

An' bime-by de Lawd'll tell humanity to free 'em.

Nobody knows whar dis poverty all comes— How many po' folk am sleepin' in de slums. Nobody knows jes' how few am befriendin',







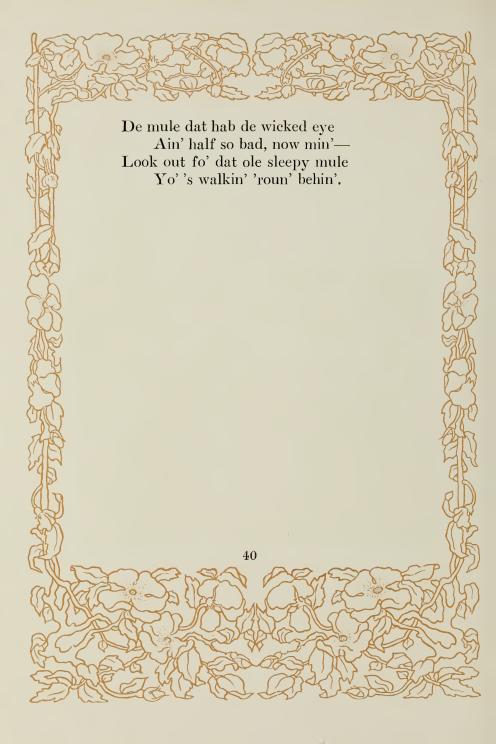


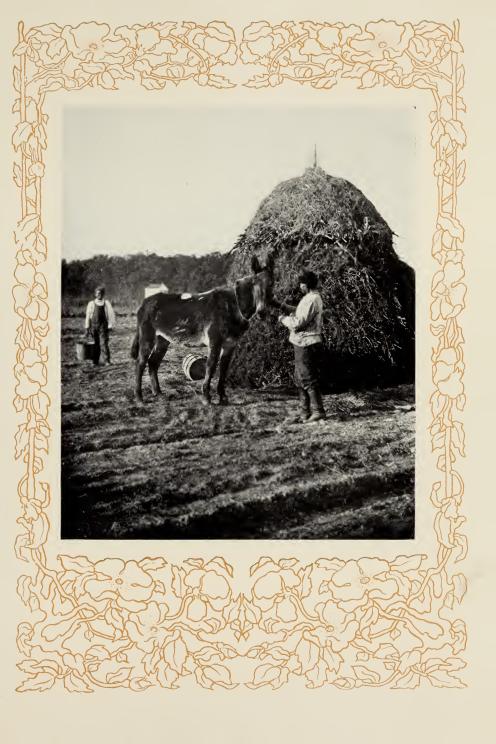
DE man dat wahs de slickes' tile Don' draw de bigges' check; De riches' lookin' kin' ob sile Don' yiel' de bigges' peck.

De hoss dat 's highes' in de pool
Don' always win de race,
Kase sometimes he 's a little off,
An' sometimes held fo' place.

De bulldog wid de orn'ry jaw Ain' half so bad to meet As dat dar yaller mongrel cur Dat's layin' fo' yo' meat.

De mooley cow dat hists her leg
An' makes de milkmaid scream,
Am jes' de bossie cow dat gives
De riches' kind ob cream.







AR 'S one fing dat I would n't do
Ef I had any common sense,
Go sneakin' up to massa's fence
An' steal a watahmellon froo.
Would you?

I know dat mos'ly froo de day
He 's layin' out dar in de sun
Behin' dat haystack wid a gun.
It 's loaded wid rock salt, an' say—
You jay!

Don' fool aroun' dem mellons dar,
Torpeders grow dar 'pon dat vine;
One busted las' night long 'bout nine,
An' lifted some po' niggah's har.
See hyeah—

I saw de splosion when it 'curred; I saw dat coon a-flyin' hence Off yondah obah dat rail fence. Ob course, I would n't say a word. I hyeahed

Dat mos' de fahmers 'tach'd a line
To mellons filled with dynahmite.
Yo' coons dat 's gwine out dar to-night
Jes' scuse me; gase I 'll stay behin'.
Now, min'!

Yo' kno' Ole Birch, dat had one eye,
Dat always got to church so soon,
An' 'clared de eyarf went 'roun' de
moon,

An' said dat jes' de reason why De sky

In night time needed bettah light,
Was jes' 'cause wicked coons would
steal
F'om ebery watahmellon fiel',

But God would burn 'em up some night.

Dat 's right.

He was n't to de church to-day;
A bran' new coon stood in de spot
An' set right whar he always sot.
He was n't dar to shout an' pray,
Dat's what.

I don' s'pose none yo' niggahs hyeahed
De reason dat I laft in church
When some coon ast fo' Bruddah Birch.
'Twas jes' las' night dat, 'pon my word,
De splosion 'curred.

No, sah! It 's nebah gwine to do
Fo' any coon wid common sense
To sneak up now to any fence
An' try to steal a mellon froo,
Dat 's shuah.

## DE SUN'S COMIN' BACK

HUSH! chillun, hush!

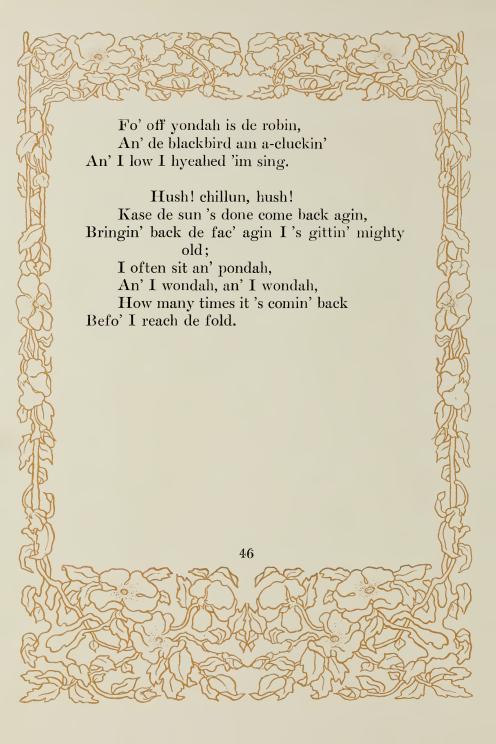
Kase de sun 's done come back agin,
Back agin a-shinin' on de old cypress tree;

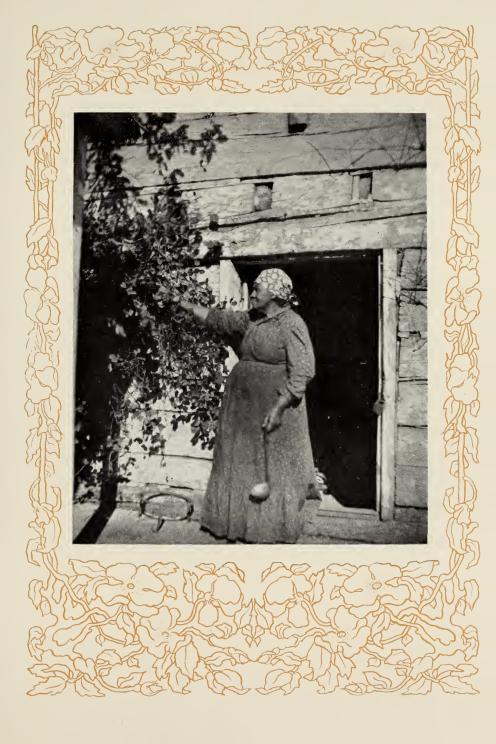
Hush! chillun, hush!

It shuahly am a fac' agin,
De sun 's done come back agin,
Back agin to me.

Hush! chillun, hush!
Fo' de sun 's done come back agin,
Pushin' yaller glory roun' in ebery spot it fin's,
Dancin' on de cradle
An' old Chloe wid de ladle,
An' coaxin' out de blossoms on
De honeysuckle vines.

Hush! chillun, hush!
Kase de sof' winds come back agin,
Back agin' a-bringin' all de glory ob de spring;
My heart 's jes' a-throbbin'







TO-DAY 'S Thanksgibin', Good lan' a-libin',

Go gibe de ole hoss a double mess o' co'n. Ole pot bubble

Possum's in trouble,

An' we's gwine to feas' upon 'im sho's yo' bo'n.

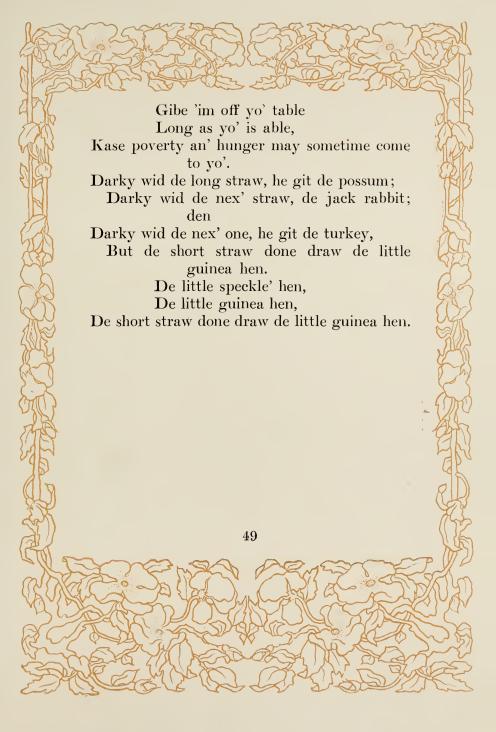
Niggah wid de long straw, he git de possum; – Niggah wid de nex' straw, de jack rabbit; den

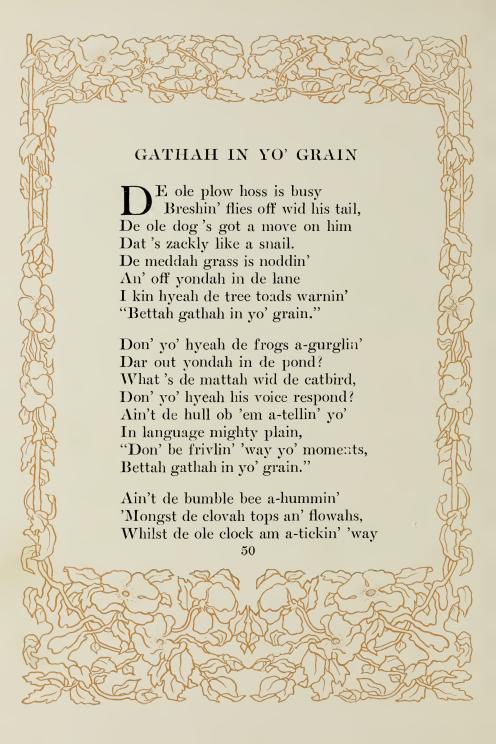
Niggah wid de nex' one, he git de turkey, But de short straw done draw de little guinea hen.

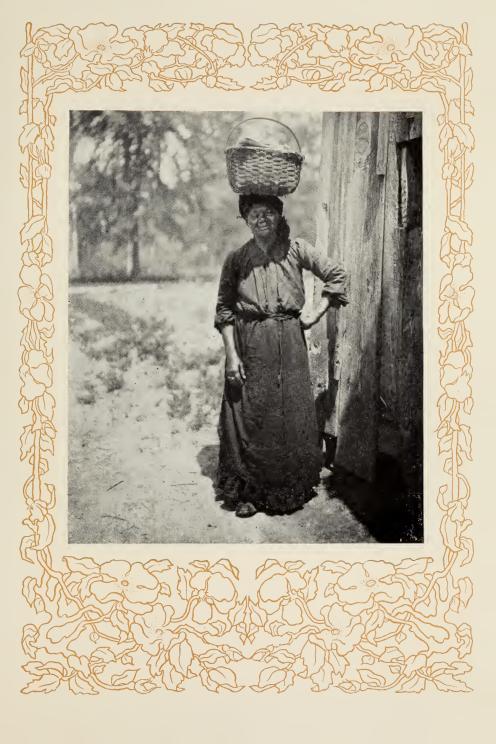
De little speckle' hen, De little guinea hen,

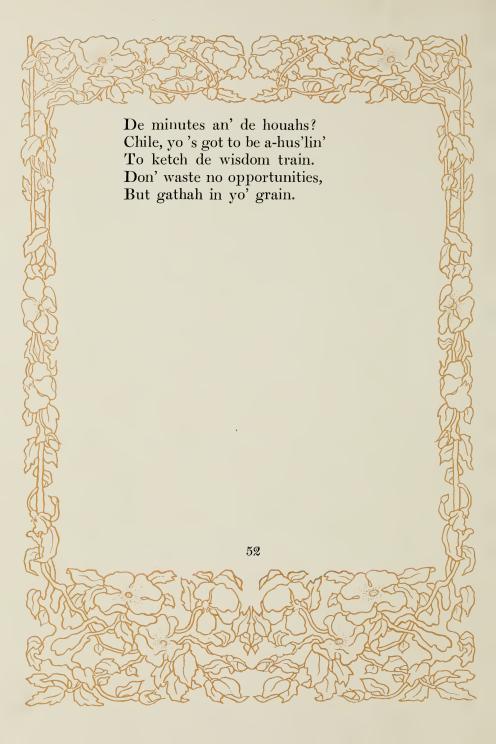
Little pickaninny has to eat de guinea hen.

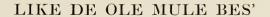
To-day 's Thanksgibin', Good lan' a-libin', Po' ole beggah-man comes knockin' at de do';











SOME folks is so't o' partial to de cattle roun' de farm,

To make a pet ob animals dey fin' it so't o' balm,

While oddahs 'fer de poultry stock; de goose, an' duck, an' hen

Is often made de mos' ob by de wises' kin' ob men.

Some like de brindle mooley cow an' 'low dey hab de sense

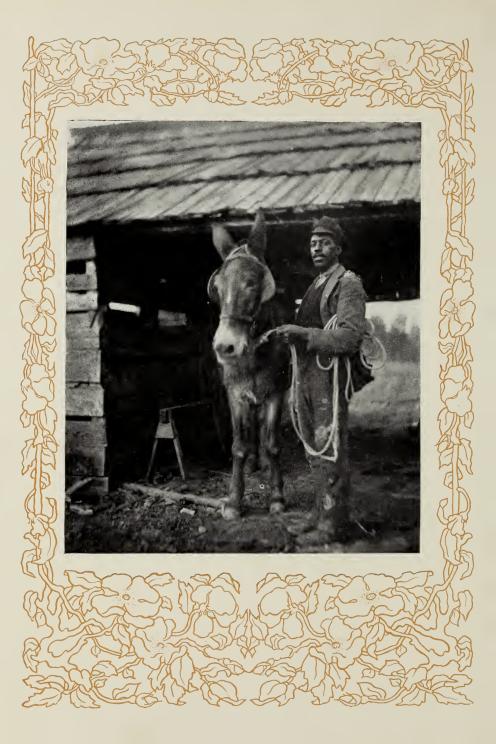
To 'pear to know dere massa when dey see 'im at de fence.

Some like de yearlin' colt; I 've raly seed men stan' aroun'

An' pet a hoss all day, an' rub 'is legs an' fetlocks down;

But gibin' all de animals de faires' kin' ob tes' I so't o' like de ole mule bes'.

Some pet de mockin' bird an' robin redbreas' an' de linnet;



Some like de gobbler kase he 's struttin' roun' mos' ebery minute.

Some like de peacock fo' his pride, an' den some like de dog,

Whilst oddahs fo' companionship have prefunce fo' de hog.

Some fa'mers like de wedder sheep, an' some de little lamb,

De billy-goat, an' nanny-goat, whilst oddahs 'fer de ram.

Some like de little week-ole calf when buntin' roun' its muddah,

An' some folks dey like one thing an' den some folks like anuddah;

But ob all de stock I's raised wid in de Souf, er Eas' er Wes'

I so't o' like de ole mule bes'.

Dar 's sompin' meekly 'bout 'im, it 's de fac' he is n't bold

An' de 'spression on 'is face is like de holy saints ob old;

When he sort o' h'ists 'is heel up like he's gwine to hit de sky

He's simply exercisin' jes' to pestervate a fly.

An' de why he 'pears embarrass'd is kase nature had to fail

An' made 'im sort o' long on ears, an' kind o' short on tail;

But den he 's mo' than 'tached to me, an' know I is 'is friend

An' we done made up our mind to stick togeddah to de end;

So dar 's no use ob yo' axin' me, yo 's done had time to guess

I so't o' like de ole mule bes'.

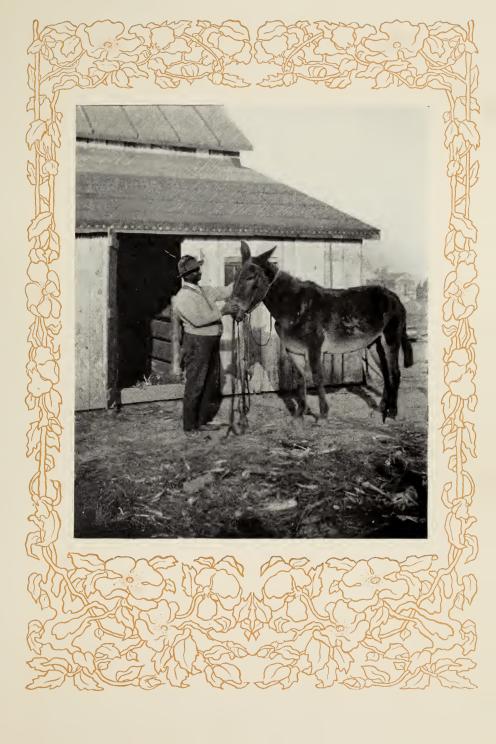
I used to like Lucindy, but den 'Cindy could n't stay,

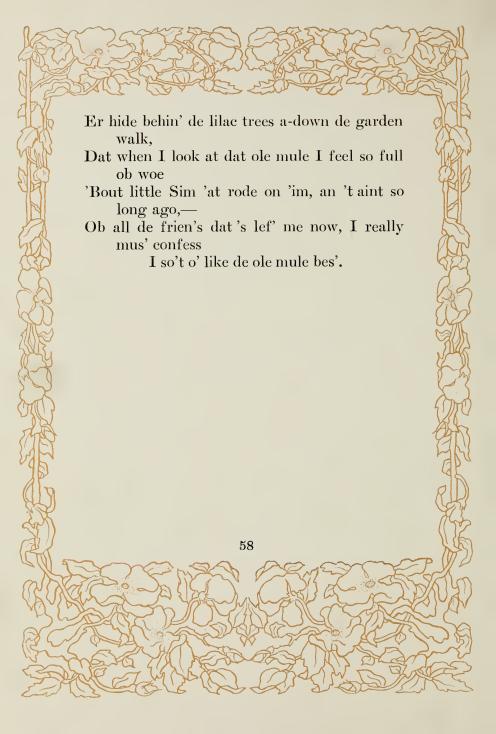
An' little Sim, I worshiped so, de angels coaxed away,

An' Lize Anne, an' br'er Zeph dere up dar on de hill,

I partial'y think I hyeah 'em, too, when all aroun' is still:

Yo' see, I 's mo' den lonesome hyeah, wid nobody to talk,





## LITTLE 'RASMUS

DE Great Good Spirit come down f'om above

An' took little 'Rasmus away;

Took my little 'Rasmus dat played peep wid me,

An' rode out ter Banbury Cross on my knee, Took po' little 'Rasmus away.

Took my little 'Rasmus dat played roun' de do'

An' danced at de sunbeams dat fell on de flo', Took my little 'Rasmus away.

Dat's why I's downhearted an' cain't fin' relief,

An' ole an' bent over; I 's loaded wid grief Kase 'Rasmus has done gone away.

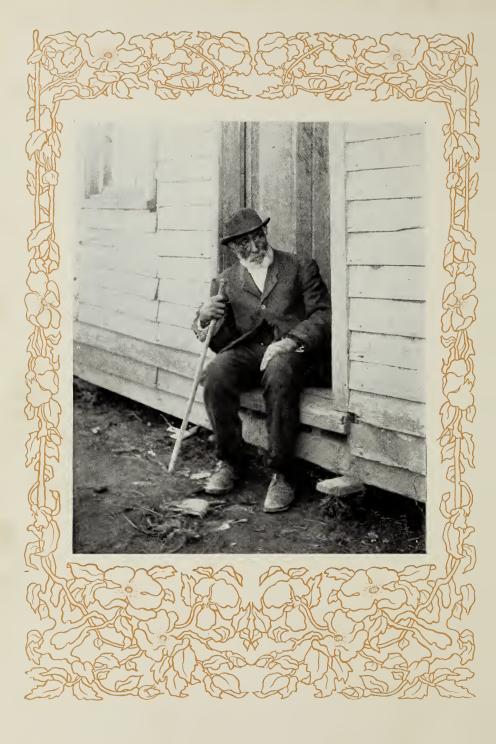
De Great Good Spirit comes down f'om de sky

An' hovahs aroun' ebery day,

An' it 'pears what yo 's lovin' a little too much,

De Good Spirit takes it away,

Kase He took little 'Rasmus away.



But I know de Good Spirit mus' be mighty glad,

But dis darky's heart am jes' mou'nful an' sad

Since 'Rasmus has done gone away.

An' mos'ly at morn, when de whimperin' breeze

Am loiterin' up in de sycamore trees,

An' at noon when de sun dances roun' on de flo' Dis ole darky's heart am jes' burdened wid woe,

An' at night twixt de win' an' de patterin' rain, My po' soul an' body am restless wid pain Since 'Rasmus has done gone away.

But I know de Good Spirit comes down f'om de sky

An' hovahs aroun' ebery day,

An' it 'pears what yo' worship a little too much

De Good Spirit takes it away,

Kase He took little 'Rasmus away— Took po' little 'Rasmus away.

## COONIE IN DE HOLLER

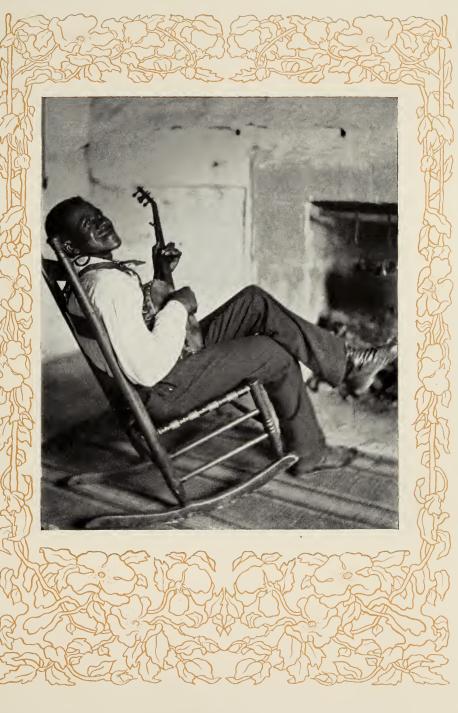
CONIE in de holler hidin' hin' de logs, Little pickaninnies ketchin' pollywogs, Banjo am a-ping, ping, pingin' out a tune, Ebery t'ing am lubly as a day in June.

Ping, ping, ping, banjo am a-pingin', Sing, sing, sing, yaller gals a-singin', Wing, wing, wing, ain't dat wingin' fine? De same ole step in de ole coonjine.

Cindy in de kitchen tryin' out de lard,
Jusy in de do'way, rakin' up de yard,
Jaspah am a-pickin' on de ole banjo
An' he am a-singin' "I 'se gwine home to
Chloe."

Coonie in de holler done gone up a tree,
An' he am a-hidin' whar no one kin see.
But he know his bizness 'nough not to come
down,

Kase he know him likely meet dat frocious houn'.



Coonie in de holler, hark, I hyeah a gun, Git a-goin', 'Rasmus; Jube, git up an' run, All de foolish niggahs runnin' till dey pant, Bet my bottom dollah Rube has treed an ant.

"Pee, wee, wee," pewees in de cedars,
Bluebirds come, robins an' de leaders,
Cudder-rudder-rung, bullfrog just now sung,
Hyeah dat distant thundah; guess dat spring
am sprung.

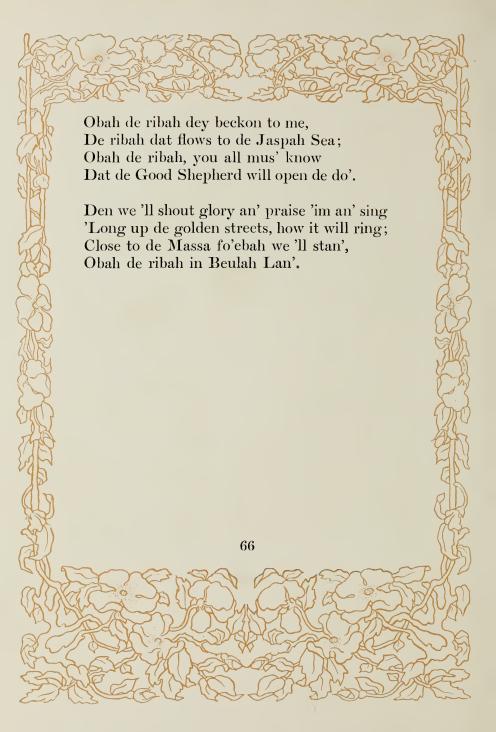
## BEULAH LAN'

O BAH de ribah in Beulah Lan' De lubly angels in white robes stan'; Dey beckon me dar, I kin hyeah de ban', Obah de ribah in Beulah Lan'.

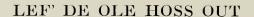
Obah de ribah what sights I see! Somebody stan's dar a-waitin' fo' me; Stan's on de sho' ob de Jaspah Sea, A-callin'; he says, dar 's res' fo' me.

Obah de ribah I soon mus' go, Weary ob waitin' froo all dis woe; An' when my journey is ended, I know Dat de Good Shepherd will open de do'.

Obah de ribah my soul takes wing,
De songs ob Zion I hyeah 'em sing;
When tuned to de harps how our voices will
ring
Close 'roun' de frone ob de Hebenly King.







WEEN de gusts ob de win'
Comes a whinny an' a soun'
Like de trampin' ob hoofs on de col', col'
groun'.
I 's 'spicious ob a storm,

An' dar ain't no doubt

But somebody 's gone an' lef' de ole hoss out.

I 'membah now de sheep Come a-runnin' to de shed,

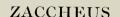
An' de ole bossie cow was a-standin' in 'er bed, An' de chickens on de roos';

But what was I 'bout

When I done went to bed an' lef' de ole hoss out?

Well, I mus' n' lay hyeah An' habe de col' win's blow— When de keyhole whistles dar 's gwine to come snow—



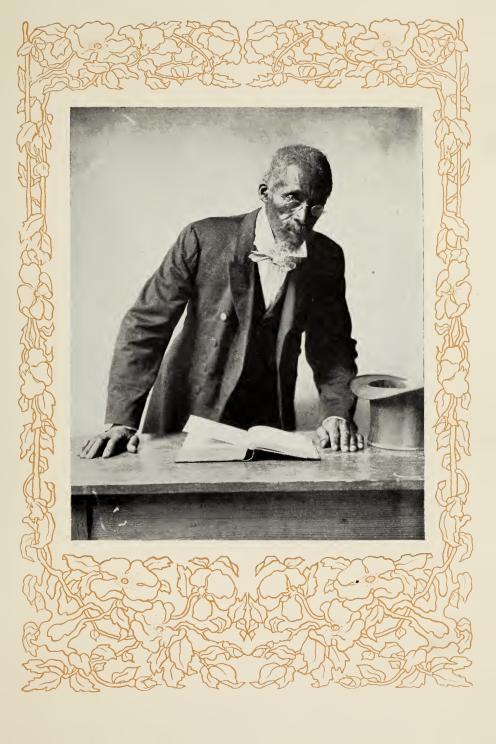


ZACCHEUS climb up de sycamo' tree,
Waitin' fo' de good Lawd to come,
Den he looked up de road jes' fur as he could
see,

A-waitin' fo' de good Lawd to come.
Oh, Zaccheus knew he could done see de bes',
Ef he climb up de tree he could ovahlook de
press,

An' 'haps he could sleep an' git a little res',
While a-waitin' fo' de good Lawd to come,
Waitin' fo' de good Lawd to come along, come,
A-waitin' fo' de good Lawd to come,
He could ovahlook de press,
An' he git a little res'
While a-waitin' fo' de good Lawd to come.

Ole Zaccheus set on de bow ob de tree
Waitin' fo' de good Lawd to come,
A long time ago in de ole Judee,
A-waitin' fo' de good Lawd to come.
Along about noontime an' eberyt'ing clear,



Word went aroun' dat de Lawd was drawin' near. An' de press begun to jostle an' de multitude to cheer While a-waitin' fo' de Lawd to come, Waitin' fo' de good Lawd to come along, come, A-waitin' fo' de good Lawd to come. When de Lawd was drawin' near, How de folks begun to cheer, While a-waitin' fo' de good Lawd to come. When de Lawd come along he said to Zach, Waitin' fo' de good Lawd to come, "I's pow'ful glad yo''s hyeah, I am, fo' a fac'," A-waitin' fo' de good Lawd to come. "So come right down hyeah, outen dat tree, Yo's jes' de bery pusson I's lookin' fo' to see. Dis day I abide at de house wid thee," Waitin' fo' de good Lawd to come. Waitin' fo' de good Lawd to come along, come, A-waitin' fo' de good Lawd to come, De republican an' sinnah, Took de good Lawd home to dinnah, A-waitin' fo' de good Lawd to come. 72

Now, Zaccheus he was an Israelite,
Waitin' fo' de good Lawd to come,
An' he lived in a mansion way out ob sight
While waitin' fo' de Lawd to come.
An' Zach knew de Lawd knew he had stuff
An' he wondah'd ef de Lawd was done makin'
him a bluff.

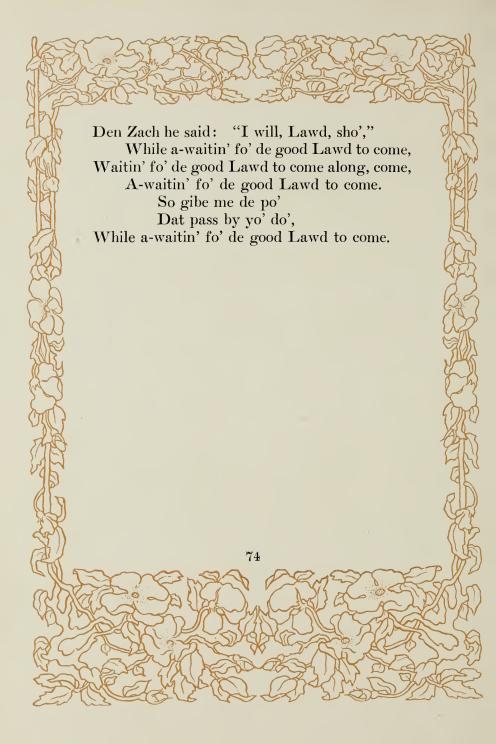
But de Lawd went home wid Zach shuah enough,

A-waitin' fo' de good Lawd to come.

Waitin' fo' de good Lawd to come along, come,
A-waitin' fo' de good Lawd to come—
Oh, Zaccheus de sinnah,
Took de good Lawd to dinnah—
A-waitin' fo' de good Lawd to come.

Ole Zaccheus he was a shuah 'nough sinnah, Waitin' fo' de good Lawd to come, An' back in dem days was a seven times winner,

A-waitin' fo' de good Lawd to come. But de Lawd told Zach he mus' gibe to de po' An' neber let a beggah man pass his do'.

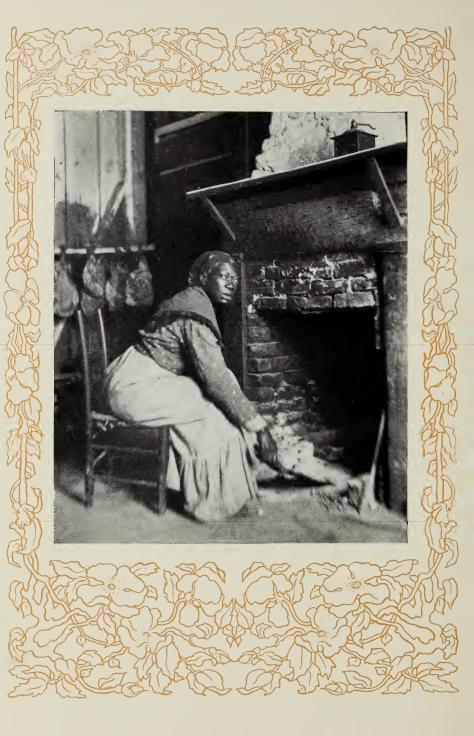


## DE CLOUDS AM GWINE TO PASS

DE weddah 's mighty warm,
An' I gase it 's gwine to storm,
Don' yo' see de swaller flyin' to de thatch?
Black clouds a-sweepin' by,
Jes' a-skimmin' long de sky,
Dar 's a-hustlin' in de huckleberry patch.

Dar 's Zeke an' Hezekiah,
Jane Ann an' ole Maria,
Mighty skeery when dey see de lightnin' flash.
How dey hustle to de cabin,
Whar ole Dinah am a-blabbin'
An' de hoe cake am a-bakin' in de ash.

I tol' yo' kase I know,
Jes' what make it thundah so,
Dat's de way God shake de rain out ob de sky;
An' when yo' hyeah de soun'
Like a-shubbin' tables roun'
Yo' kin see de pigs a-runnin' to de sty.



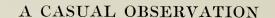
But de clouds am gwine to pass,
An' de sun shine out at las',
While de pickaninnies play aroun' de do';
An' froo de winder blinds,
Hid by mornin' glory vines,
It 's a-gwine to flicker down upon de flo'.

God moves in many a way,
So de ole Bible say,
Fo' He counts de drops an' all de grains ob
san's;
An' when de darkness falls

'Pon dese hyeah cabin walls
It am jes' de break ob day in uddah lan's.

Den hurry, chillun, hustle while you may, Kase yo' know dar's gwine to come a rainy day.

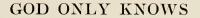
But de gloomerin' will pass, An' de sun shine out at las', An' de darkies' clouds ob sorrer pass away.



AR 'S nuffin hyeah but vanity
An' riches an' insanity;
De dollah seems to be de people's god.
Dar 's a heap too many 'Scariots
A-ridin' 'roun' in chariots,
While de po' man am a-carryin' de hod.

Dar 's too much haste an' hurryin',
An' too much wealth at buryin',
An' dis hyeah t'ing am gettin' worse an' worse,
It takes all ob de rakin's,
De scrimpin's an' de scrapin's
To liquidate de 'spenses ob de hearse.

Dar 's heaps ob care an' worry;
Eberybody 's in a hurry,
An' de few am growin' richer ebery day;
But de most of us mus' shovel
Fo' de chillun in de hovel
An' silently await de judgment day.



I SAW an ole beggar dis mawnin', Lucindy,
De weddah was col' an' bleak an' windy,
An' de fros' took hold
Ob de end ob his nose.
Whar wus he goin'?
God only knows, chile,
God only knows.

All he had on was an ole woolen jacket.

An' pants dat had done seed a mighty ha'd racket,

His shoes war all out, Kase I saw his toes. Whar wus he goin'? God only knows, chile, God only knows.

He said his gran'chillun had turned him away, Wid nuffin' to eat on las' Thanksgibin' Day.

> Wid no obahcoat, He looked about froze.

> > 79

Whar wus he goin'? God only knows, chile, God only knows.

He lifted his han's, dey was bony an' blue, An' axed me was dis hyeah de main avenue,

> Den walked obah dar To dose ten'ment rows. Had he frien's in dar? God only knows, chile, God only knows.

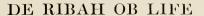
I don' b'liebe in treatin' a gran'fadah so, Kase some day it's comin' right square back, yo' know.

> An' when we grow ole An' come to de snows, Den who'll keer fo' us? God only knows, chile, God only knows.

God keeps account ob de sparrers dat fall, We stan' a-waitin', we soon hyeah Him call. God brings de wintah,





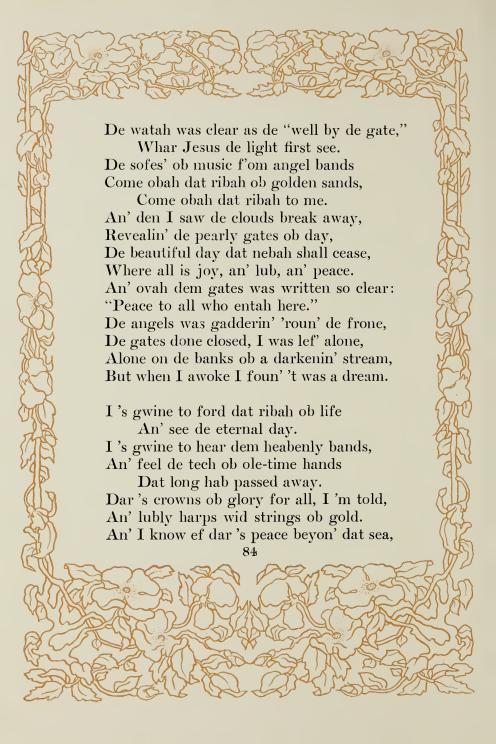


DREAMT dat I saw de ribah ob life Dat flows to de Jaspah Sea. De angels war wadin' to an' fro, But none ob 'em spoke to me. Some dipped dere wings in de silb'ry tide; Some war alone an' some side by side. Nary a one dat I knew could I see In dat ribah ob life, De ribah ob life

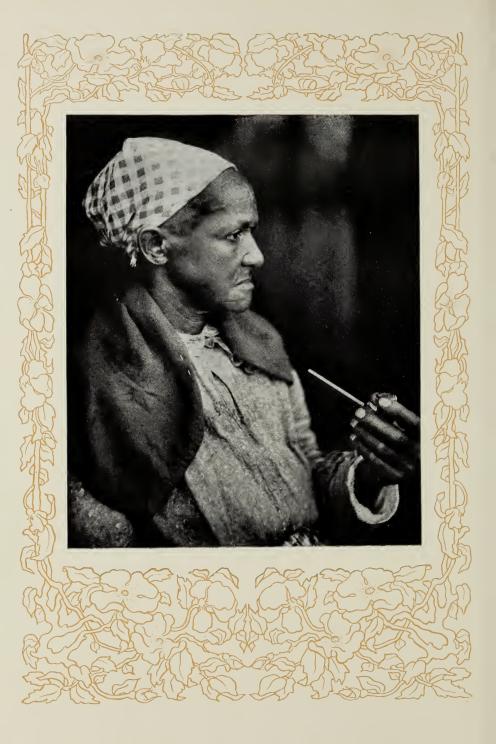
Dat flows to de Jaspah Sea.

De ribah was wide, dat ribah ob life; De bottom I plainly could see. De stones lavin' dar was whitah dan snow; De sands looked like gold to me. De angels kep' wadin' to an' fro; Whar did dey come from? Whar did dev go? None ob 'em sinnahs like me, I know, In dat ribah ob life, De ribah ob life Dat flows to de Jaspah Sea.

83





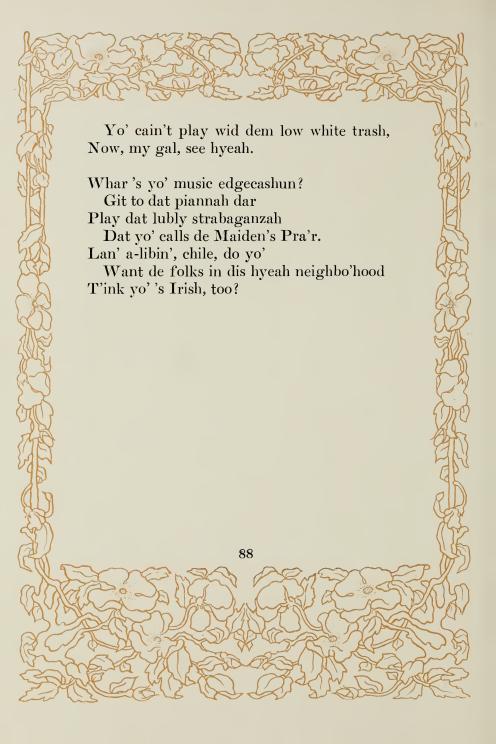


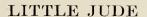
### ANGELINY

OME right hyeah, yo' Angeliny; Chile, yo' jes' gibe me de blues. What yo' doin'? tryin' to try me Warin' out dem bran' new shoes? Yes, yo' is, 'deed yo' is, Don' yo' dar talk back to me, Kase I know yo' is.

Whar' yo' gwine to play dis tennis?
Who yo' playin' tennis wid?
Playin' wid dat Irish Dennis,
Well fo' yo', chile, dat yo's hid.
Come right squar out f'om dar,
Out f'om dar hin' dat dar bed;
Now, go comb yo' har.

Angeliny! Angeliny!
Don' yo' hyeah me callin' yo'?
Need n't t'ink dat yo' slip by me,
Min', gal, I 's dead on to yo'.
Come right squar in f'om dar,





PO' little Jude, why, don' yo' know Dat little chile? A yeah ago Her muddah died. I reckon now 'T was jes' las' spring I 's tellin' yo' 'Bout little Jude.

Po' little waif indeed she war;
An' how she cried, jes' out de crib
Dat baby war, an' her muddah died.
Could walk an' run an' jabbah some,
Dat little Jude. It make me cry,
Tell yo' it do, jes' when I t'ink
'Bout little Jude.

De fun'al day she war asleep,
Tucked in de crib, dat little chile
Had on her bib—dat orphin Jude.
De mo'ners come; an' when dey pray
Dat little Jude waked up an' say:
"Mammy! Mammy!" jes' dat way.
Nobody know jes' what to do
Wid little Jude.

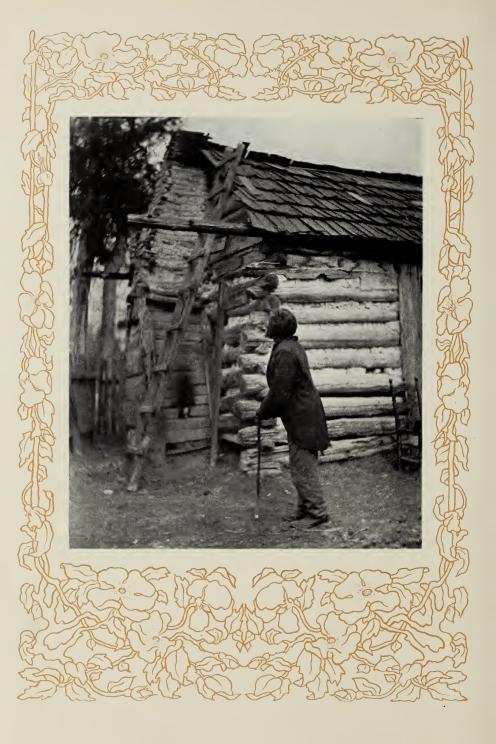
She cry so ha'd dey lif' her down; F'om room to room she toddled roun' A-cryin': "Mammy! come an' take Yo' little Judy dat's awake— Yo' little Judy 's wide awake." My lan'! de teahs come in mah eyes! But when she foun' her own high-chaih, Dat had been hid, an' pushed it up 'Long side ob whar her muddah was, An' den climbed up an' pounded on De coffin-lid, I could n't stan' De awful grief—de sobs an' teahs— An' little Jude, a-lookin' roun' Fo' one dat now at las' she 's foun'— Why, chile, I cain't—I nevah will Fo'get dat day.

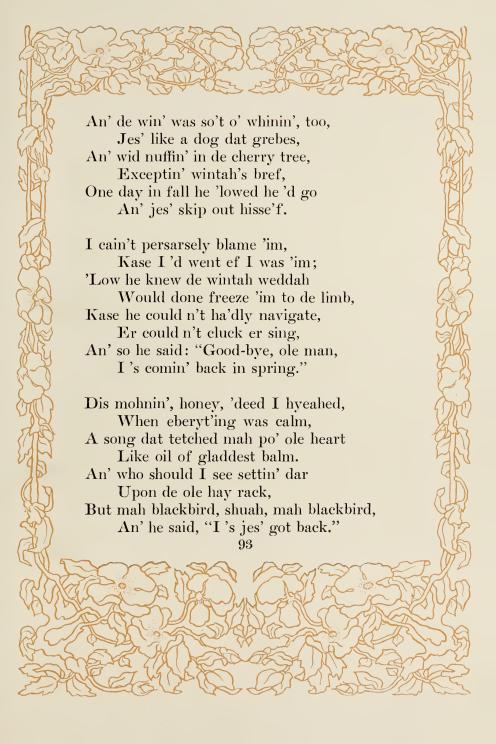


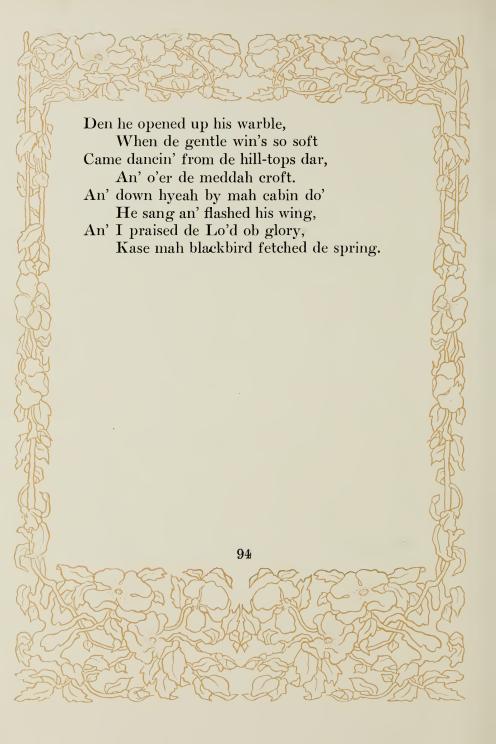
HEN de autumn leabes was twistin'
An' a-tryin' to git loose,
An' de apples in de cidah press
Had done turned into juice;
When de blackbird got down-hearted
An' made up his mind to go,
It was den de time dis darky's heart
Was jes' pahboiled wid woe.

He was wid me in de furries
In de summah fields ob co'n,
An' aroun' a-hookin' cherries—
'Deed he was, mos' ebery mo'n,
An' he he'p me dribe de horses,
Cluckt an' cluckt to make 'em go.
Dat 's why I 'low dis darky's heart
Was jes' pahboiled wid woe.

But he notice dat de yellerin' Was a-comin' on de leabes,





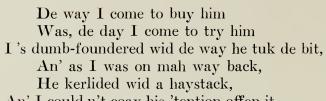


## A RECORD F'OM 'WAY BACK

YO's'pose I's gwine to cuh-comb An' boddah wid dis nag Ef I low'd he was n't evah gwine to go! Why, chile, yo' make me tiahed! Dis ve'y hoss was siahed By Pocehontas fohty yeahs ago.

I 's doctahed up his wheezin',
An' done stopped him ob his sneezin';
An' partial'y cuahed de spavin on his back;
Ef he was n't quite so bulky,
I 'd put him 'foah de sulky,
An' let yo' see his motion on de track.

'Ceptin' froo de wintah, las' yeah
I had him out to pastuah;
But de farmah said he did n't habe no sense.
Dar 's nuffin 'll keep him quiet
When he gits down on his diet,
An' once he eat a whole barb-wire fence.



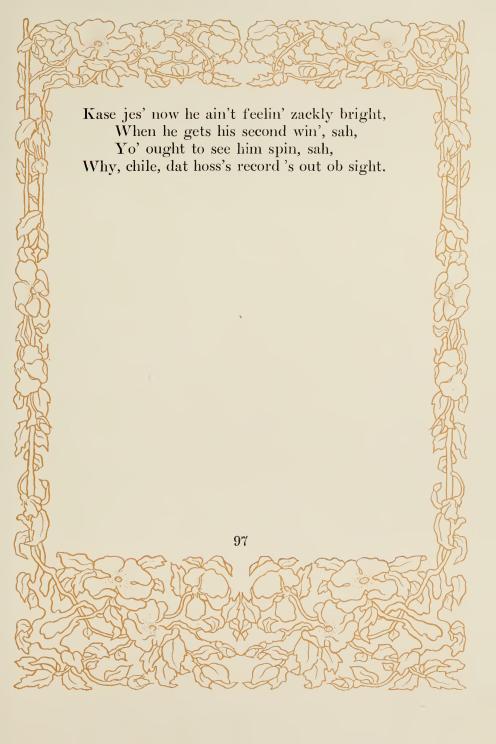
An' I could n't coax his 'tention offen it.

Yo' notice dat he winks, sah,
He's comin' out de kinks, sah;
An' mine yo' don' go nyeah his heels at all,
Kase he's nervous an' he's dangus,
An' speshly so to strangus,
An' I nebah 'low no pusson 'roun' his stall.

He's pow'ful fond ob grazin'
An' his appetite's amazin';
Dat's a suah sign dat he's got good bottom to him.

When I bought him he 's so thin
Dat he could n't ketch his win',
An', 'Rasmus, yo' could read a papah froo him.

I tale yo', he 's a hummah, Low I 'll show de folks dis summah,



## GITTIN' INTO SHAPE

RECKON de angel what rolled 'way de stone,

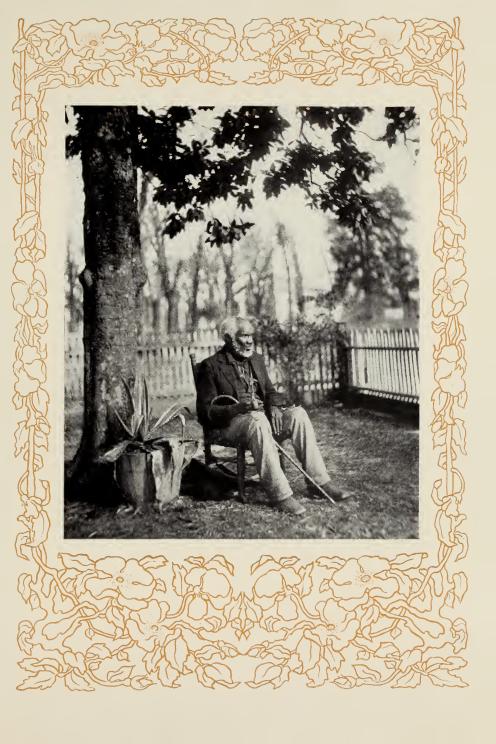
An' let de Good Shepherd escape,
Some day 'll fly down to dis prison ob sin
An' lib'rate all dat 's prepahed to come in;
So I 's gittin' my soul into shape,
Gittin' my soul into shape, fo', yo' see,
It 's a mighty big stone dat 's a-layin' on me.
Mighty big stone! Yes, indeedy!

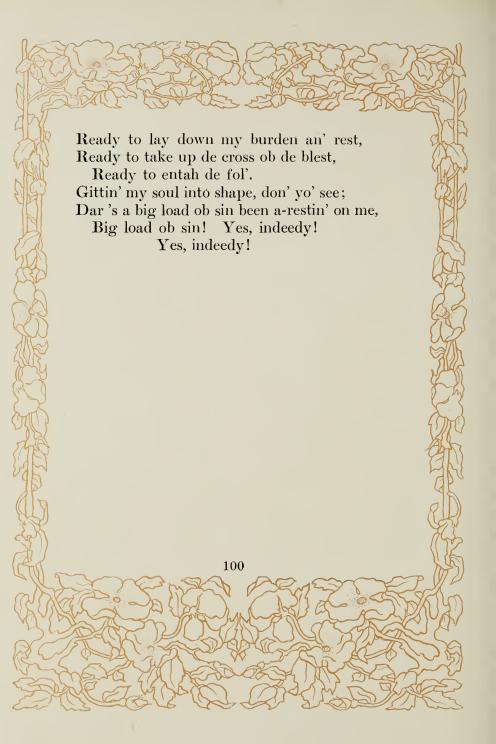
I hope de good angel 'll hab heaps ob strength, Er else bring ole Samson along, Kase the sin on my soul 's mo' 'en fohty foot

deep;

Yo' see, I been one ob dese wanderin' sheep,
An' it 's gwine to need somebody strong,
Gwine to need somebody strong, don' yo' see;
It 's a mighty big weight dat 's a-restin' on me.
Pow'ful big weight! Yes, indeedy!

I 's gittin' my soul into shape fo' de day When Peter 'gins takin' his toll;







OLE Fo'th ob July
Am mighty close by,
Kase I done smell powdah in de ahr;
An' de beatin' ob de drums
When de regiment comes
Sort o' 'minds me ob de times in de wah.

I was chief ob a division
Dat furnished de pervision,
An' I done looked wid pride on mah troops;
I had 'em so well drilled
Dat none ob dem got killed—
Our business was inspectin' chicken coops.

I was shot froo de lip,
An' wounded in de hip,
An' fractuah'd mo' er less about de head;
At de trouble 'roun' Fo't Pickens
I was skirmagin' fo' chickens,
When mah foot slipt an' I fell off de shed.

Gen'l Sherman gibe us right
To forage mos' de night,
So dat's why I'se trompin' on dis peg.
I was out abductin' salt,
When somebody hollahed "halt!"
An' de fool up an' shot me in de leg.

Jes' what I want to mention
Is, I want increase ob pension,
An' I make mah affidavit fo' de judge
Dat I was in comman'
When a shell bust in mah han',
An' fo' fohty-seben days I could n't budge.

I 'll stop, an' hol' mah peace,
Ef I get a good increase;
I want mah pension bill increased to five;
Fo' mah lip, an' hip, an' han',
An' mah head, yo' undahstan',
An' one jes' fo' comin' out alive.

# DE SPRING-HOUSE

DOWN to de spring-house am whar I long to wandah—
De ole do' a-creakin' as it swings to an' fro,
Down to de spring-house standin' obah yon-

dah.

Standin' obah yondah in de long time ago.

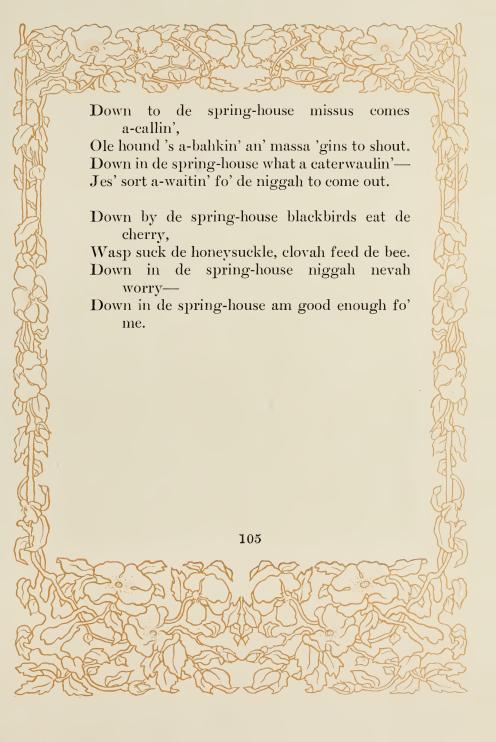
Down by de spring-house de lilacs am a-bloomin';

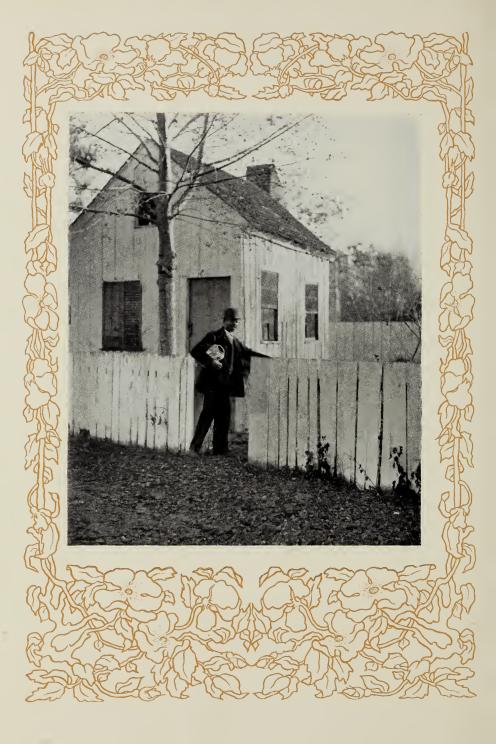
Hollyhocks a-noddin' an' honeysuckles thick. Down by de spring-house I listen to de lowin', An' reckon de ole brindle cow am wadin' up de creek.

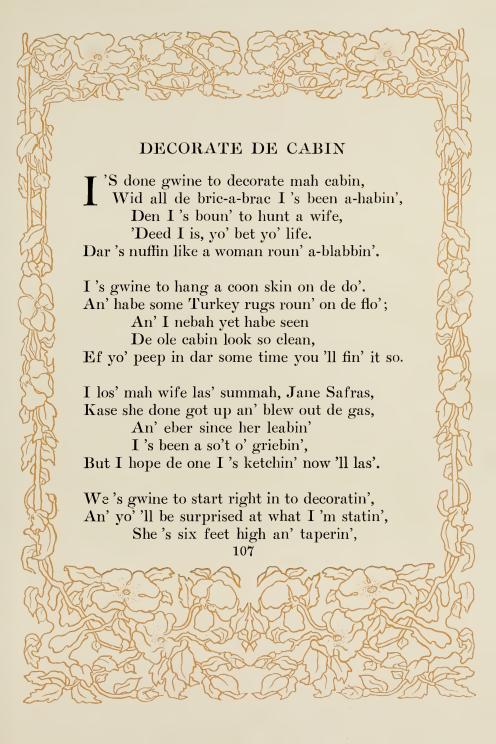
Down by de spring-house once again I'm walkin';

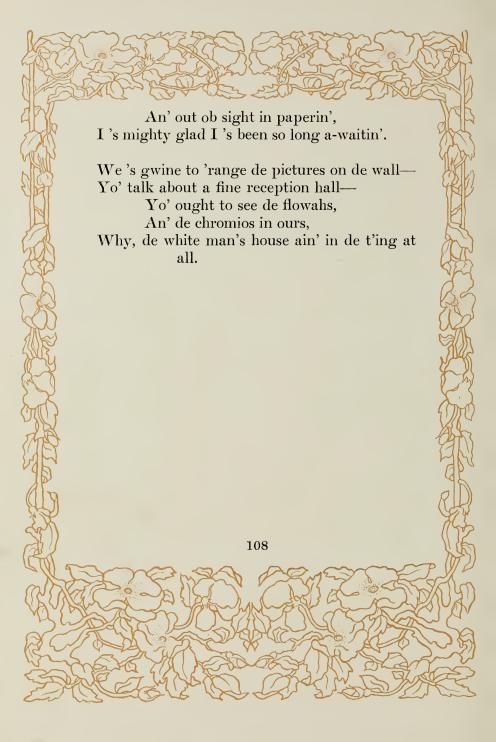
Yellah cream 'pon de shef, cain't let it be. Down in de spring-house, no use in talkin'— Col' greens an' hog-jole 's good enough fo' me.



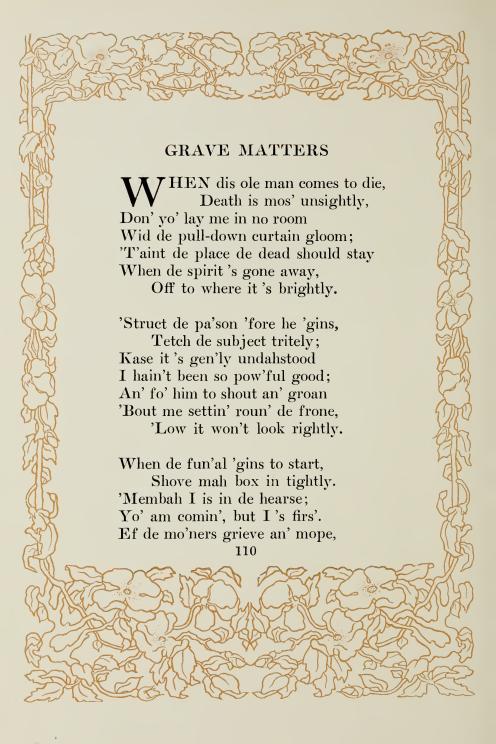


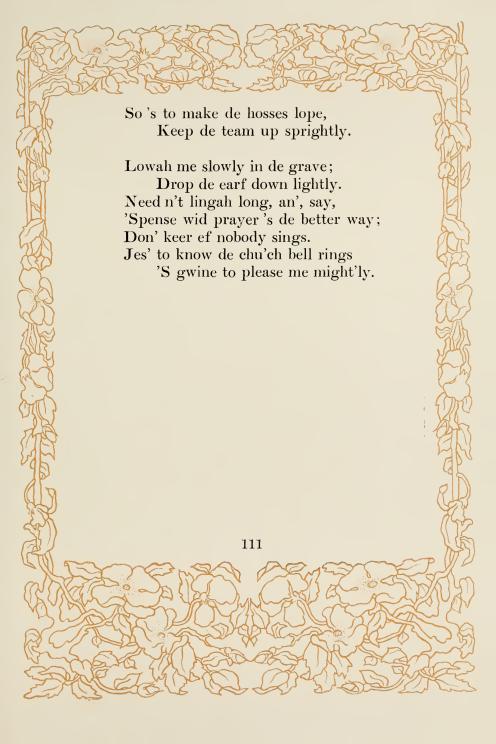


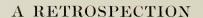












I 'S a-sittin' neaf de ole magnolia tree
So't o' thinkin' ob de times dat used to be,
In de huckleberry patches
When we hyeahed de steamah Natchez,
An' de white folks all 'u'd hustle down to see.
Dar was Missy Elenor an' Julie Ann,
An' Haidee Lee, who lived wid Uncle Dan.
But she went an' run'd away,
An' de folks set up an' say
Dat she 'loped off wid a wicked No'then man.

Po' Cindy she is daid, an' Aunty Mary
Don' do nuffin' now but sate aroun' an' worry;
An' ebery night she say
She 'spects to go next day,
But her disease ain' one dat 'pears to hurry.
De doctors seems es ef dey had n't made out
What 't is dat makes ole aunty look so played
out,

But de time she will consume Turnin' Heaven into gloom Will make de Lawd repent when she's done laid out.

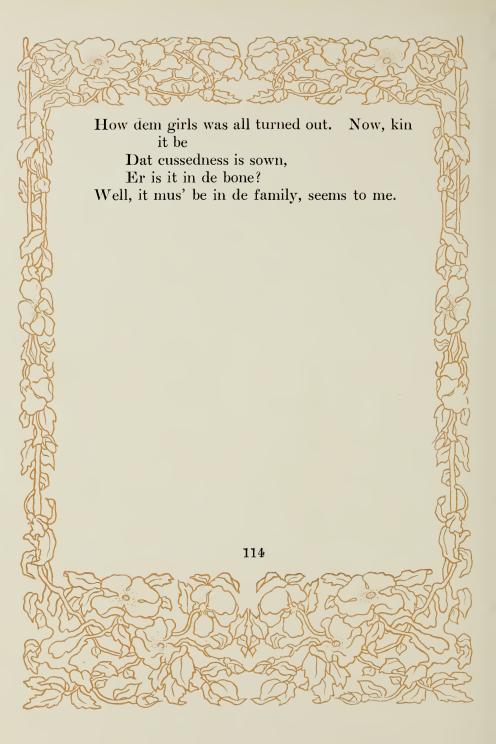
Missy Elenor she married Colonel Paxton,
An' de scandal 'bout the Colonel don't be axin',
But dey say, I undahstan',
Dat he done shot off his han',
Jes' to keep from jinin' good ole Stonewall
Jackson.

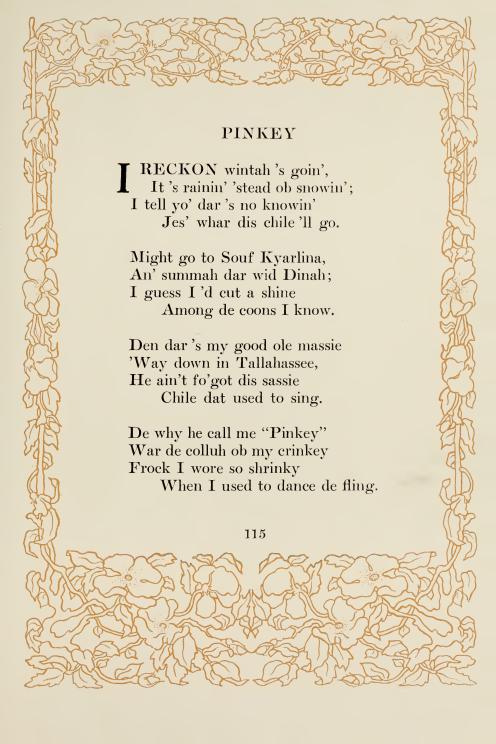
An' Julie Ann dat talk like she was hoarse,
Dat huzzy she 's done gone an' got divorce.

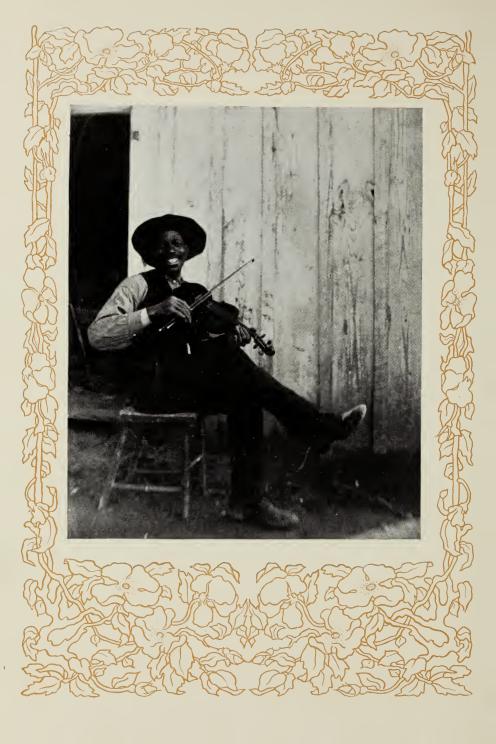
Dey lived in Chickamaugah
Till she moved up to Chicagah,

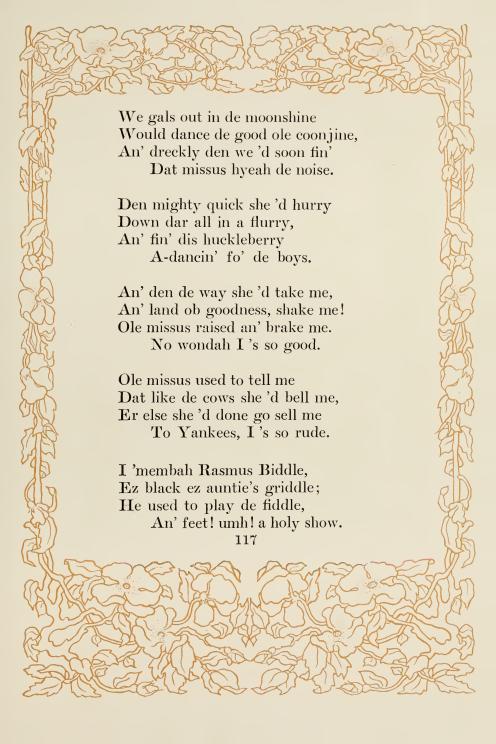
Kase t'ings is mighty cheap up dar, ob course.

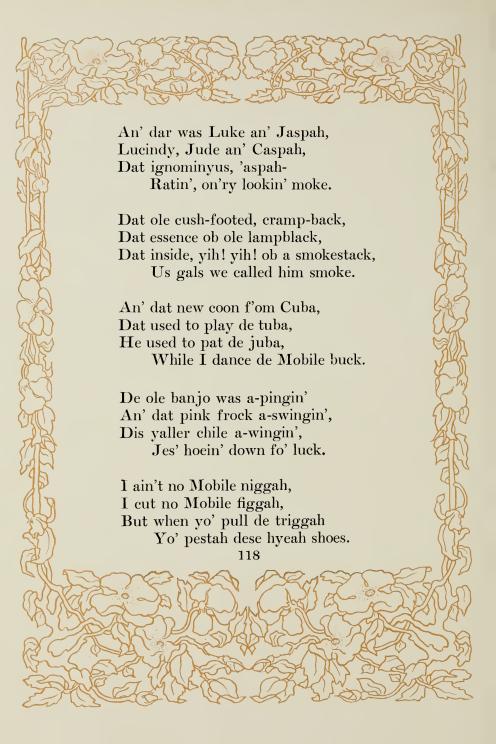
Yo' 'membah Haidee Lee? I undahstand
Dat she 's trablin' roun' de country wid a band,
An' hyeah she sort o' prances
Wid a skirt an' thinks she dances,
Did yo' ebah, ebah, goodness land!
Wid de 'vantages dey used to habe, an' see

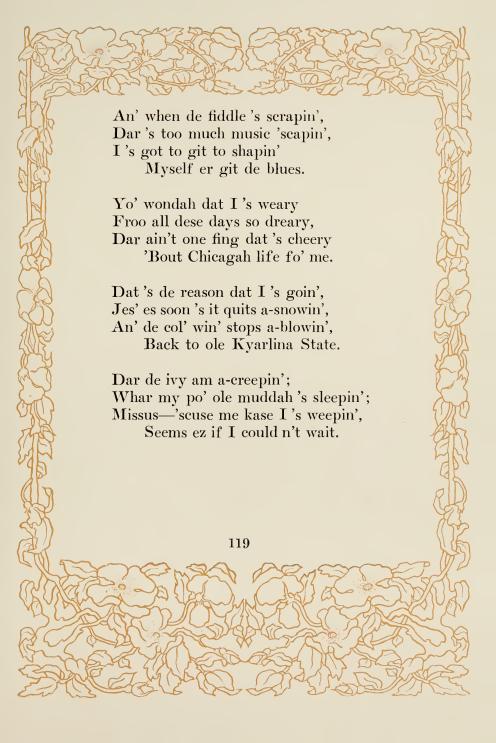


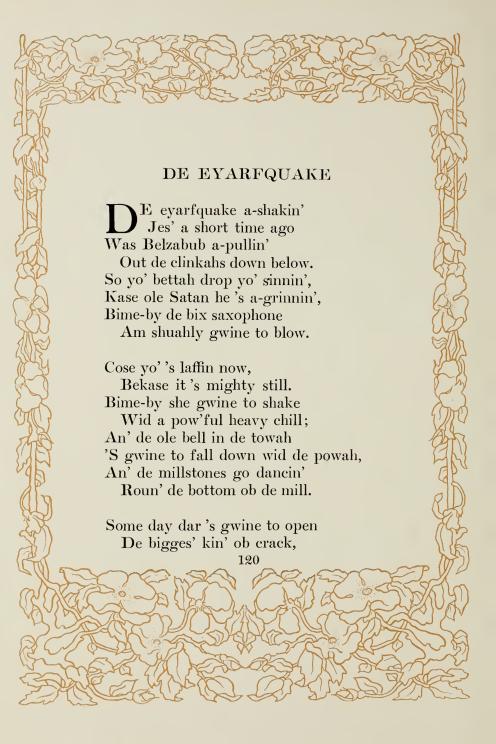


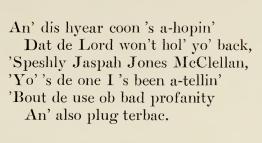






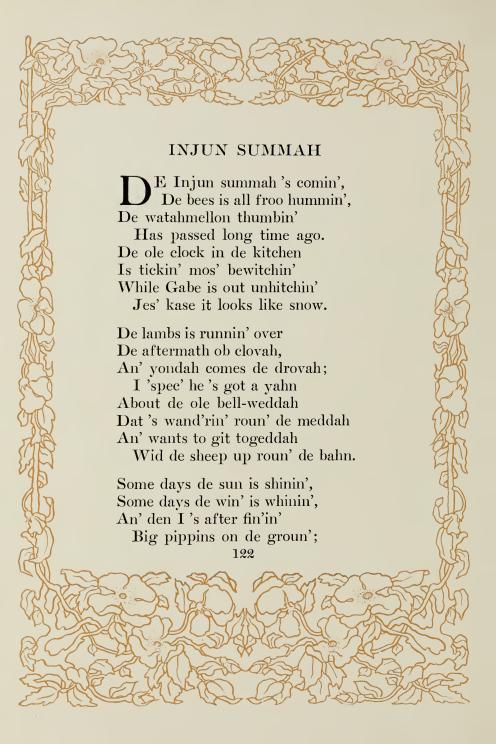




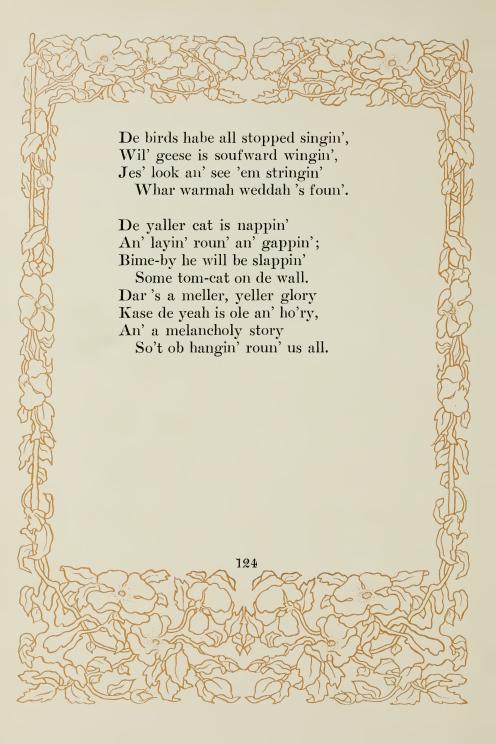


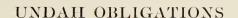
'Fore de debil shake
De furnace down agin,
Yo' bettah ask de Lord
To rid yo' ob yo' sin,
Kase when Satan wants some fuel
To warm up his brimstone gruel
He 'll ope' de furnace do'
An' de draf' 'll suck yo' in.

Don' be loafin' now
An' shootin' craps aroun';
Yo' bettah be a-tryin' on
De white probation gown;
Firs' yo' know, all ob a-sudden
Mos' yo' coons'll take to scuddin'
An' dose cushun feet
Dey'll nebah tech de groun'.









I NOTICE dat de weddah's rathah chillsome, mo' er less,

An' I notice dat de back-log so't o' crackles, Law' bress?—

Ole Crimp is on de tuhnpike an' de fros' is on de fence

An' Santa Claus 'll soon be hyeah, so, chillun, habe sense.

I seed 'im on ole Massa's ruff; 't war jes' de oddah night,

Wid a span ob balky reindyahs, bofe 'em dapple gray an' white.

Dey war hitched to a monsus lookin' alligatah sleigh,

An' filled wid gifts fo' de chillun, piled ebery which an' way.

Habe any ob yo' chillun been a-sinnin'? Er a-sassin' yo' suppearyahs, er a-grinnin'? Yo' bettah read yo' Bible 'bout ole Moses an' de laws,

Fo' yo' 's undah obligations to ole Santa Claus.

How many ob yo' chillun been a-tendin' to de church?

An' done made up yo' minds to leabe de debil in de lurch,

Habe yo' tended up to Sunday-school, an' listened to yo' teachah?

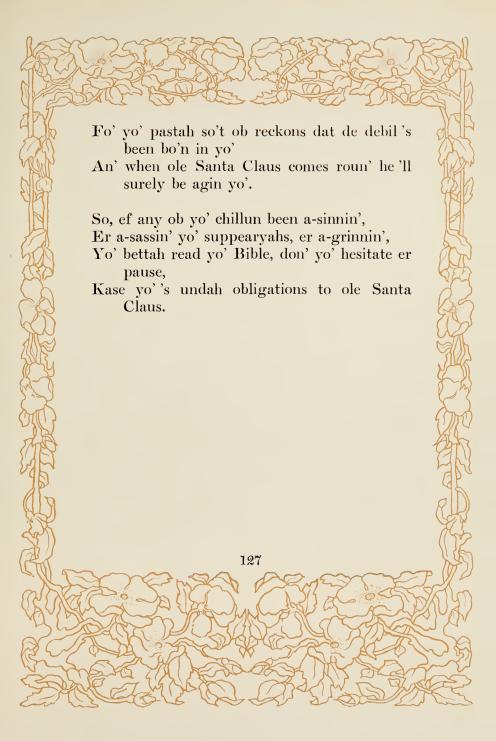
Does yo' always drap a nickel to try an' spote yo' preachah?

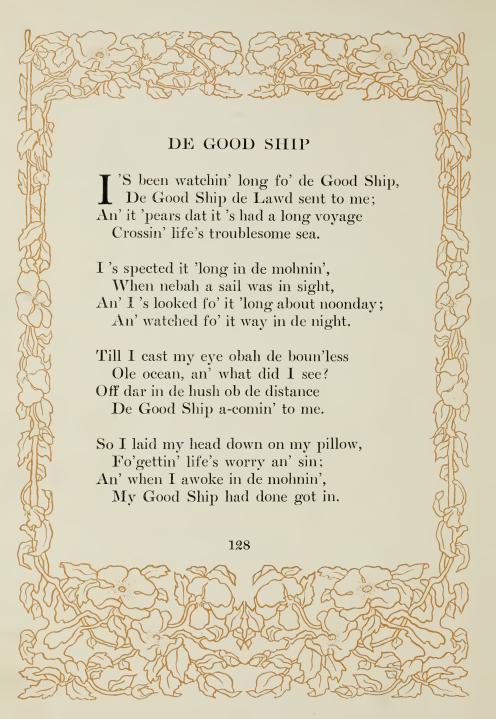
Am yo' wilful to yo' faddah er yo' muddah? Does yo' pestervate yo' sistah er yo' bruddah? Yo' bettah change yo' tactics cause, well jes' because

Yo''s undah obligations now to ole Santa Claus.

Kin yo' ansuah all dese questions dat yo' pastah has perferd?

Ef yo' cain't, yo' bettah hang yo' heads an' nevah say a word;







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If I should die to-night

And you should come to my cold corpse and say, Weeping and heartsick o'er my lifeless clay— If I should die to-night

And you should come in deepest grief and woe
And say, "Here's that ten dollars that I owe"—
I might arise in my large white cravat
And say, "What's that?"

If I should die to-night
And you should come to my cold corpse and kneel,
Clasping my bier to show the grief you feel—
I say, if I should die to-night
And you should come to me, and there and then
Just even hint 'bout payin' me that ten

I might arise the while; But I'd drop dead again.

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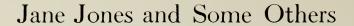
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